# The Breaking Waves Dashed High

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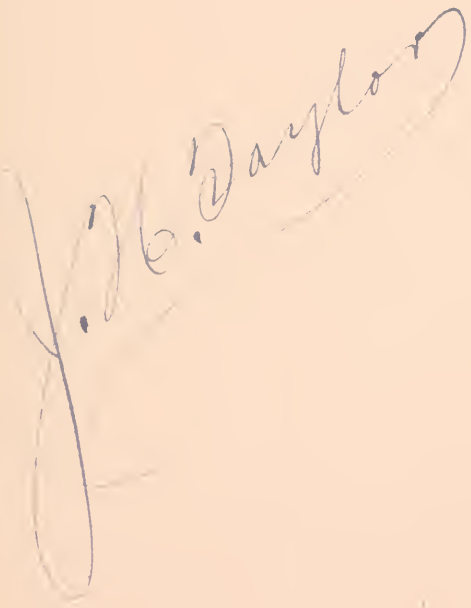

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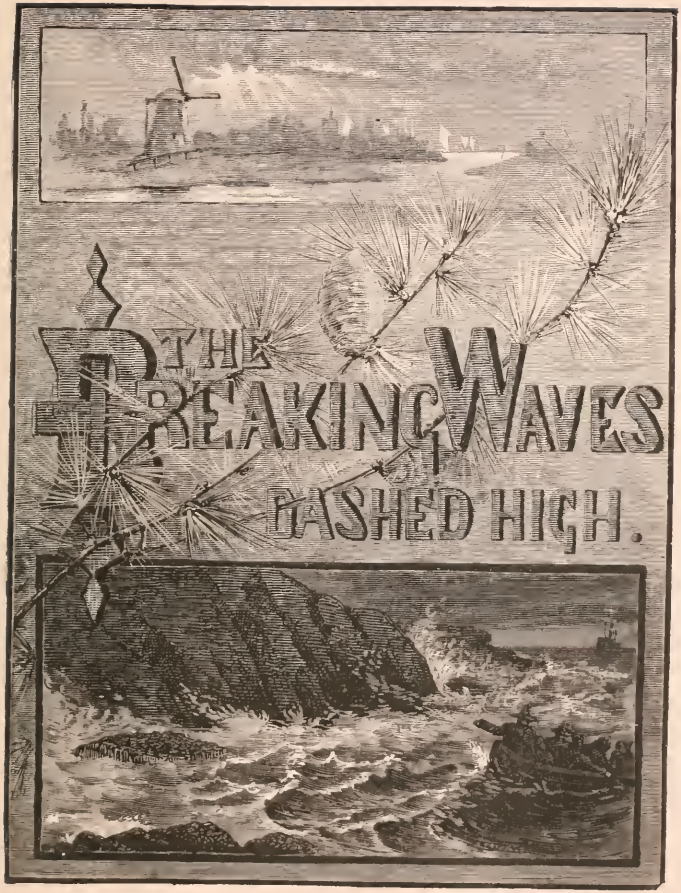
THE
BREAKING WAVES
DASHED HIGH.

# THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH

*(THE PILGRIM FATHERS)*

BY

FELICIA HEMANS

WITH DESIGNS BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW

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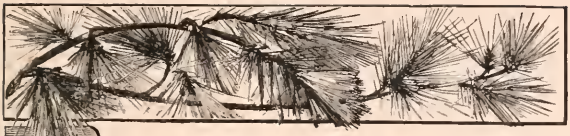
THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

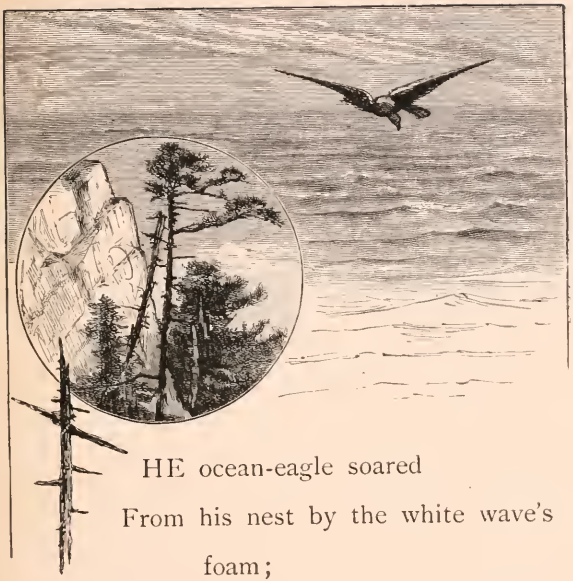
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

NOT as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

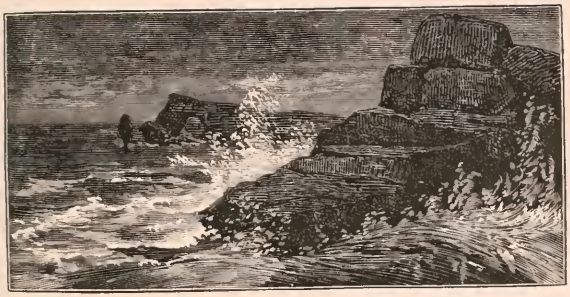
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.



AMIDST the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

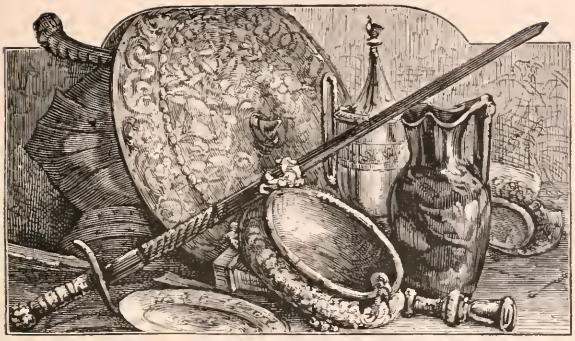


THE ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!



There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.



What sought they thus afar? —
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod —
They have left unstained what there they found, —
**Freedom to worship God.**

FREEDOM to
WORSHIP GOD.

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